1938

1938 Firebrand

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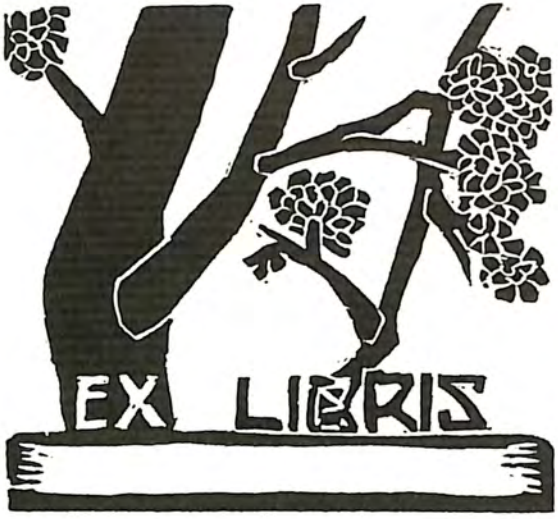
The Firebrand


EX LIBRIS

THE MIRACULOUS INFANT OF PRAGUE

ALL our lives we have known the Infant of Prague, but a new interest was excited in us when, shortly after the feast of St. Raymond, He came to pay us a visit at Fanjeaux and stirred in our hearts the devotion he has inspired in so many others. Winsome he is in appearance; an Infant King, he stands so straight and tall for a baby, and his rich embroidered garments flow so regally about him. Even without the golden crown that encircles his curly head we would know that he is a king. But where did he come from originally? Why does he impress us so much more than other statues of the Infant Jesus? When we asked ourselves that, we suddenly realized that although we had known of him all our lives, we really knew very little. So we set about to learn his history. We went seeking information and were deeply humbled when, hoping for assistance from a book on Carmel, its history, spirit and saints, we read in the midst of a few tantalizing, hazy facts these lines: "The history of the Miraculous Infant of Prague is too well known to need recital." At last, in a book, written for first communi-

cants by Margaret Gibbons, about that remarkable and lovely Irish child, Nellie Organ, called "Little Nellie of Holy God," we discovered the history of our precious Infant.

It all began back in the days when Bohemia, a small European country, was torn by dissension between the Calvinists and the Catholics. At the height of the quarrel the Great Battle of White Mountain (1620) was fought near Prague, the capital. By this battle Frederick, the Calvinist elector, usurped the throne and set about repressing the Catholics. But Ferdinand II, gathering all the neighboring Catholic princes, entrusted his cause to Our Lady and started off to battle. Because the people of Prague at that time had a very special love for the discalced Carmelites, Ferdinand asked their Master-General, Father Dominic, to accompany the army. Father Dominic not only did this but during the battle went before the soldiers with a picture of Mary which had been desecrated by the Calvinists. This so inspired the zeal of the soldiers that they won the battle and Bohemia was saved for Catholicism. In gratitude for this favor Ferdinand built the beautiful Church of Our Lady of Victory and several Carmelite monasteries throughout the

Kingdom. It is in this Church that we find enshrined the waxen image of the Holy Infant.

Not long after the Battle of White Mountain Ferdinand died and the Carmelites were reduced to great poverty. At this time there was a pious princess living in Prague by the name of Princess Polixena of Lobkowitz. Her mother had brought with her from Spain this little statue. The Princess, remembering that the Great St. Teresa of Avila had come from Spain, presented the statue to the Carmelites. The priests prized this statue greatly and said many prayers before it. As they prayed thus, peace fell upon the monastery and their temporal wants were plentifully satisfied. The one who had the greatest devotion to the Infant under this representation was Cyril, the novice, because on invoking the Child Jesus one day he had received a wonderful spiritual favor. Times of trouble came on the Carmelites again and they removed their novitiate to Munich in 1630.

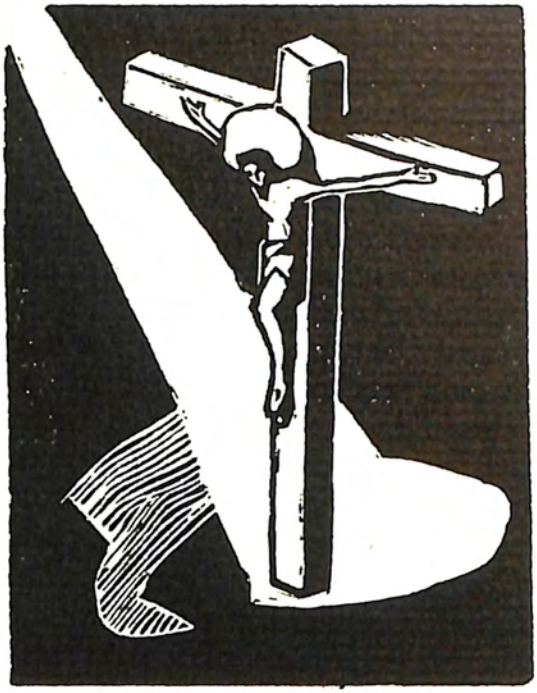
The next year Prague was besieged by the Calvinists and eighty-eight heretical teachers took possession of the churches of the town. The Carmelite monastery was plundered and the statue of the Child Jesus thrown on a rubbish heap to show contempt for Popish

idolatry. Several years later the friars returned to restore their monastery, but most of those who would remember the promise to venerate the little statue were gone. Cyril, however, had not forgotten it. He entered upon his community duties in the Monastery of Prague again on the Feast of Pentecost, 1637, just as the Swedish Lutheran army started the attack on the city. The priests gathered together to pray and Cyril missed the statue. Finally he discovered it hidden beneath the cobwebs on a pile of debris. Its little hands were broken off and its lovely robes torn and soiled. But Cyril repaired it and set it up in the church again and once more the friars wanted for nothing. After many difficulties Cyril restored the hands, as the Infant, through the mouth of the little statue, requested. On several other occasions the Infant spoke to Father Cyril. Finally, as the Child willed, the statue was exposed for public veneration in the Church of Our Lady of Victory. Then did the devotion to it grow to great proportions until 1784. In that year, on the 3rd of July, the Carmelite Monastery in Prague was suppressed and all the tokens of affection removed from the statue, which was placed as a curiosity under a glass case. The

devotion languished greatly, although it did not die out. At last, in 1878, when the church was repaired, all the convents vied with one another to obtain the wonderful image. This, in addition to the striking favours bestowed by the Child Jesus, caused the devotion to grow again. Especially is the Infant venerated in the Carmel communities throughout the world from which the devotion has spread to the people of every nation.

From the Carmelite monasteries it passed to other convents and now the little Infant is making His way into private homes. What is the secret of His attraction? He is at once a king and a child, a symbol of the twofold nature of Christ. In His kingly bearing He speaks to us of the God so great that all must adore and in His Infant sweetness we see the God so lowly that all may approach.

JEANNE PIERSON, '38.



TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED

(Translated from a Spanish sonnet, attributed to St. Teresa.)

The heaven, Lord, which Thou has promised me,
The hell so feared which keeps me from offense,
It is not these which stir my soul for Thee,
But Thou, God, movest me to reverence.
To see Thee scorned and hung upon the cross,
To count the wounds upon Thy body dear,
To hear affronts and watch the bitter loss,
O Lord! these are the things which bring Thee near.

Thy perfect love affects me mightily
In such a way that if there were no heav'n,
And hell so feared were not reality,
My love and awe of Thee would rise unbidden.
Thou need'st not, Lord, for my poor heart implore,
I love Thee so I could not love Thee more!

CECILIA AZEVEDO, '38.

LUACH

"MACBETH left a son, named Luach, translated the 'fatuus' or 'simple.' After a few months' struggle he was defeated and slain at Essie, in Strath-Bogie." This Sir Walter Scott remarks briefly in his "History of Scotland."

Was it for Luach, the simple, that Macbeth forfeited his honor, his happiness and finally his life? Was it Luach Macbeth had in mind when he said:

> "Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
> And put a barren sceptre in my gripe
> Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand
> No son of mine succeeding,—If it be so,
> For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind."

Shakespeare has left this point in doubt. He has even confused the question by having Mac-Duff remark to Malcolm: "He has no children," though the logical interpretation of this seems to be that it is addressed to Malcolm who is offering comfort in revenge. But what a new terrible twist in irony would there be if the son to whom Macbeth wishes to bequeath the Scottish throne, in whom he vested his hopes, his power, his overweening ambition, should be Luach, the simple. And what a new light would be cast on the character of Lady Mac-

beth, who knows 'how tender 'tis to love her babe.' She, of the high spirited, dynamic nature, who loves her son as she does her husband, wholly, tenderly—terribly and to have him be Luach. We can better understand her bitter tearing ambition, the overwhelming desire to cheat the fates and have honor for her brave, yet strangely weak husband, and her son, Luach.

We come to better understand Macbeth in his growing, almost hysterical orgy of murders—knowing he is obsessed by fear and that it will all come to nought. What a subtly conceived piece of irony is the fact that the two apparitions which lead Macbeth on with false hope are children. And what a strange and terrible thing the murder of the son of MacDuff becomes. A child, wise, witty, and brave beyond his years, who converses gravely to his mother, who remarks sagely:

> "Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang them up."

And again with telling wit:

> "If he (his father) were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father."

And who dies a childish hero, with bravado crying:

> "He has kill'd me, mother;
> Run away, I pray you!"

He would have grown to be great and good; great beyond his own honest father, perhaps, and he is slain by a man who is sore and bitter because his own son is Luach, the simple. And how ironical that this last bloody crime of Macbeth should incite the good MacDuff to maniacal fury, so that he can only pray, "Let me find him, Fortune! and more I beg not," who lives only for this revenge, an injured father seeking revenge for his hurt on a Macbeth defeated before he began by Luach. Even till his death does Macbeth struggle against this terrible irony. The last blow he strikes is at young Siward, whom he cuts down in all his youth and straightness, yet who dies so gallantly and well his father is made proud in his grief.

LOIS SMITH, '35.

—Reprinted from *The Meadowlark*, May, 1934.

MADRIGAL

TO A PAIR OF EYES

(Translated from the Spanish of Gutierre de Cetina, a sixteenth century warrior and poet of Seville.)

Clear, serene eyes,
Since for a sweet look you would be praised,
Why, when you see me, do you gaze angrily?
If you radiated kindness
You would appear more beautiful to him
Who beholds you.
Do not look at me with displeasure,
So that you may not seem less exquisite.
Ah! the tormenting fury of love unreciprocated!
Clear, serene eyes,
Though you insist on gazing at me with wrath,
Look at me, look at me, none the less.

ANNE SMITH, '41.

COMPENSATION

MARIE BUEHRLE

The tide is out—
Black-rimmed
The margin of the bay,
Uncovered mud—punctured as a sponge
And saturate with stagnant water
Left behind;
Disclosed in part
The refuse of the road:
Wagon wheels with riven spokes—
Distorted stalagmites
Of caves unseen;
And one by one, in semicircles,
Discarded tires protruding, topmost arches
Of a bridge
Across some submarine Gehenna.
The tide is out,
But left behind—
A lovely waif
A heron standing lone
Upon the flats.

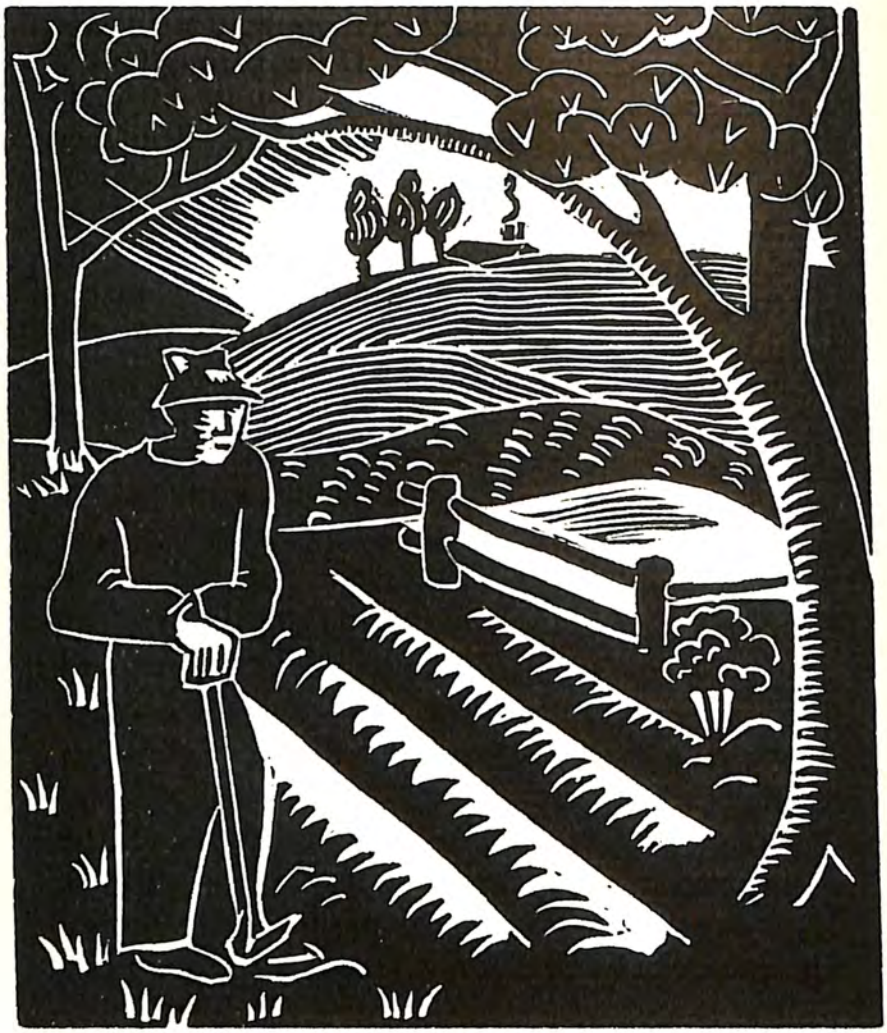
HILAIRE BELLOC

HILAIRE BELLOC is a greatly gifted person. He is an essayist, a poet and an historian of note, and one of the foremost defenders of the Catholic faith in England. G. K. Chesterton so greatly loved and admired and respected him that to Mr. Belloc is given credit for his conversion as well as for his active and persistent championship of the Church.

Although Mr. Belloc was born in Versailles and served his time in the French army, he was educated in England and writes like a native-born Englishman, only perhaps more deliberately and more sensitively and more incisively than a Briton could without the admixture of the Gallic genius. His essays are written against the rich background of his adopted country. Essays such as *Delft*, *Lynn*, *The Roman Road*, *The Mowing of a Field* are a few of the many that show how thoroughly he has imbibed the Englishman's love of his country.

In the last named essay, one of the most beautiful in the English language, he wrote of mowing a field of grass on a farm of his in South England in "a valley . . . remote from ambition and from fear . . . where the scent of grass in

summer is breathed only by those who are native to that unvisited land." Here throughout a summer's day he cut his crop of grass with one curious helper, a man "of that dark silent race upon which all the learned quarrel, but which, by whatever meaningless name it may be called —Iberian, or Celtic, or what you will—is the permanent root of all England, and makes England wealthy and preserves it everywhere, except, perhaps, in the Fens and in a part of Yorkshire. Everywhere else you will find it active and strong. These people are intensive; their thoughts and their labors turn inward. It is on account of their presence in these islands that our gardens are the richest in the world. They also love low rooms and ample fires and great warm slopes of thatch. They have, as I believe, an older acquaintance with the English air than any of the other of all the strains that make up England. They hunted in the Weald with stones, and camped in the pines of the green sand. They lurked under the oaks of the upper rivers, and saw the legionnaires go up, up the straight paved road from the sea. They helped the few pirates destroy the towns, and mixed with those pirates and shared the spoils of the Roman villa, and were glad to see the



captains and the priests destroyed. They remain, and no admixture of the Frisian pirates, or the Breton, or the Angevin and Norman conquerors, has very much affected their cunning eyes."

Of the Norman conquerors he wrote twice memorably. In *The Little River:* "Then came the Norman: the short man with the broad shoulders and the driving energy, and that regal sense of order which left its stamp wherever he marched, from the Grampians to the Euphrates. He tamed the land again, he ploughed the clay, he cut the underbrush, and he built a great house of monks and a fine church of stone where for so long there had been nothing but flying robbers, outlaws, and the wolves of the weald."

And again in *Hills and the Sea:* "The little bullet-headed men, vivacious and splendidly brave, we know that they awoke all Europe, that they first provided settled financial systems and settled governments of land. . . .

"We know that they were a flash. They were not formed or definable at all before the year 1000; by the year 1200 they were gone. Some odd transitory phenomenon of cross breeding, a very lucky freak in the history of the Euro-

pean family, produced the only body of men who all were lords and who in their collective action showed continually nothing but genius.

"We know that they were the spearhead, as it were, of the Gallic spirit; the vanguard of that one of the Gallic expansions which we associate with the opening of the Middle Ages and with the Crusades."

But Mr. Belloc is more than academically interested in people. His poem, *The South Country*, well attests that fact, from which we quote:

"When I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea;
And it's there in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

. . . the men that live in the South Country
  Are the kindest and most wise;
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
  And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
  When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
  She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
  But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
  But my home is there;
And along the sky the line of the Downs
  So noble and so bare.

I will gather and carefully make my friends
  Of the men of the Sussex Weald;
They watch the stars from silent folds,
  They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
  My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with a deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me."

Of Mr. Belloc's poetry, as well as his essays, A. C. Benson might have been thinking when he wrote: "The true essay, then, is a kind of improvisation on a delicate theme, a species of soliloquy, as if a man were to speak aloud the slender and whimsical thoughts that come into his mind when he is alone on a winter evening before a warm fire, and, closing his book, abandons himself to the luxury of a genial reverie." Mr. Belloc is, of course, more than a mere improvisor of random thoughts. He is always a poet, usually a lyric poet. He has power to express those poignant emotions that we all feel yet are at a loss to express; he never writes anything that is trite or trivial. We remember this from *The Good Woman:* "The common doom

of mortality escaped her until, perhaps, its sign was imposed upon her hair—for this at last was touched all through with that appearance or gleam which might be morning or which might be snow."

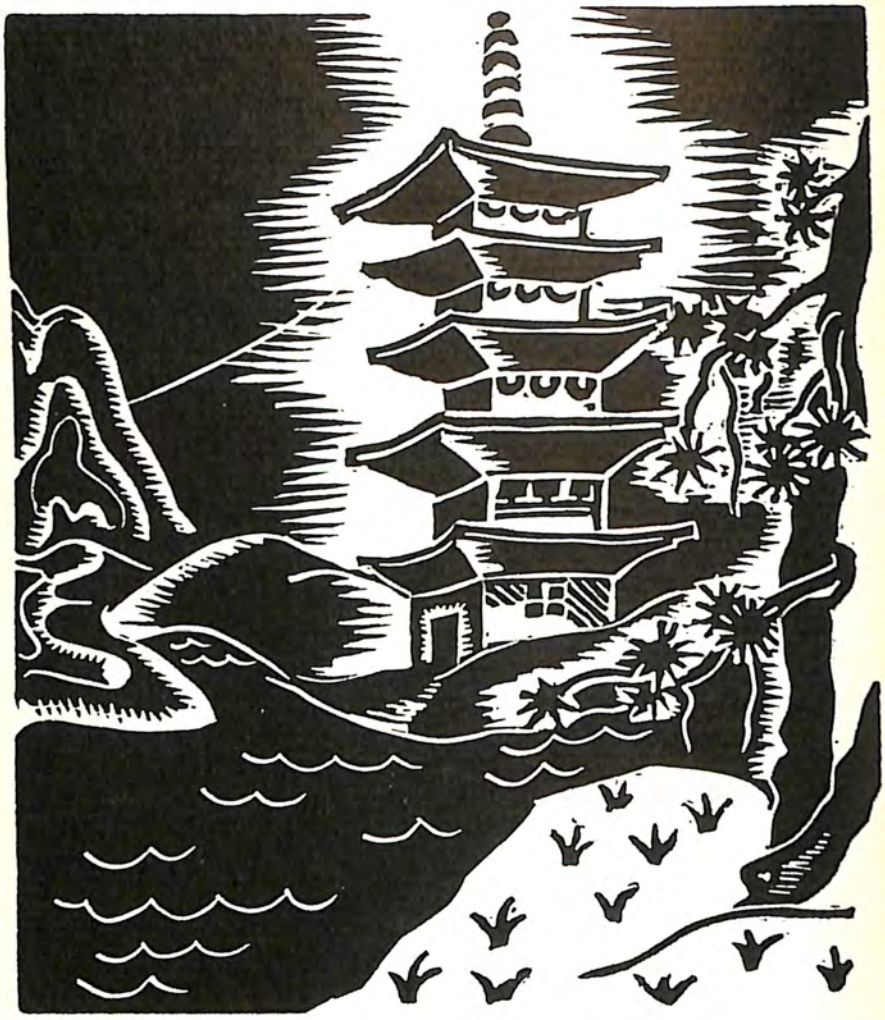
We find Mr. Belloc stimulating in belligerent mood when he tells readers who disagree with him not to bother with his book. He writes most effectively and belligerently of the thirteenth century, which he loves and the old Europe that could truly be called Christendom; just as strongly he hates the men who promoted the Reformation in England for their own selfish interest. But even through his belligerence there is wit and tenderness and the impress of a genial personality. Perhaps one of the fullest expressions of this geniality is to be found in *The Path to Rome*, from which we quote: "Then let us love one another and laugh. Time passes, and we shall soon laugh no longer, and meanwhile common living is a burden, and earnest men are at siege upon us all around. Let us suffer absurdities, for that is only to suffer one another."

KATHERINE O'DAY, '41, *et al.*

TRANSCOLORATION

In April time did you perceive
The hawthorn trees flush rose, rose red?
And did you see that side by side were trees
Of hawthorn hued host-white? Did you remark
That almost unbelievably
The blossoming white acquired tinge
And almost imperceptibly
The petals red grew less intense
Till all the bloom reached equal rose?
And did you think this sorcery?
Was it the wind who took and gave—
Creating metamorphosis among
These neighbors on the terraced lawn—
His loot of tint? Was it the wind?
Did you behold this miracle
Of color blent in April time?

A. Beltrán Irwin Shone.



CHINESE ANCESTOR WORSHIP

WE HAVE all been long aware of the religious quality of filial devotion in China, and, when we can secure them, we cherish the beautiful portraits of elder members of Chinese families that have hung in the main hall of a home on days of family celebrations. So it was with sympathetic and a not wholly unintelligent interest that several of us sat before the shining dragons of the Meadowlands' fireplace one evening as Florence Wang told us at length of ancestor worship as it is practiced in her family and in the families of thousands, perhaps millions, of her fellow countrymen.

Florence began by describing her home, a typical Chinese home. There is, most important, the entrance hall, which is a vast living room where congregate all members of a Chinese family. Such a family consists generally of three generations, the father and mother, the sons, and the families of the sons. The main feature of this living room is the shrine to the ancestors of the family which faces the entrance. This shrine is set in a niche bordered by elaborate carving in which is placed for each member of the family as he dies a name block

of wood carefully decorated with beautiful Chinese carving. Such name plates are left there for three generations of the family. Ancestors of earlier generations have their name plates taken to the ancestor house in the city, which serves not only as a temple for depositing name plates of all persons bearing the same family name, but as a gathering place for worship by living members of the clan on feast days of general reverence. There is, for instance, one day of the year, during the spring months, when a clan sets apart an entire day for devotions to their departed ancestors. The men of the family take gifts to the cemetery such as meat, fish, incense, paper money, and there do homage and pay reverence according to rites many centuries old.

In the home, the word of the oldest living member of the family is the law; from it there is no appeal. Affection and peace come from such reverential obedience to the wisdom of the long-of-life. Each son, with his wife and his children, has a separate house, but for meals and for worship the great room is the common meeting place. No man can expect a respectable social position in China if he has found dwelling with his father unpleasant; no woman

is respectable whose husband has found her unfaithful, though the courts can give her freedom. It is interesting to note in passing that, though the ceremony of divorce is a civil one, the marriage ceremony is a purely family affair, the bride and groom joining hands before the family assembled constituting the marriage ceremony.

The Chinese have no sabbath; they have, instead, feast days which are the birthdays of the living and dead members of the family and the death days of their departed kin. On these days the living room is decorated with paintings, and ceremonies and a great feast abound. The New Year morning ceremony of reverence paid to each member of the family by younger members has already been described in the December number of the *Meadowlark.*

We might conclude by recording that only the family name seems important to a Chinese man or woman. Given names come and go throughout their lives. There is first at birth a name given by the father, with the approval of the head of the family. This name, generally one of delicacy befitting an infant, is retained until the days of school. Florence's first name was Yen, a poetic name that suggests many

dreamily lovely things. Then, at the beginning of school, a new name is taken, one suggesting the quality of scholarship one would wish to attain. Florence's school name was Ka-ching, which means "be diligent." At the beginning of manhood or womanhood another name is given, and when one enters a profession a still different name is assumed. If one becomes a great man another name is given by the people to honor him and remember him. As a result of this custom it is often impossible to identify poets and artists, for the professional name is traceable only through the signatures to their works and suggests no further identity of the individual than his family name held in common by thousands of contemporaries.

Reverence for one's kin, therefore, for age, for a fitness for life, these the Chinese hold sacred. Sweetness comes from such worship, and self-reverence and self-control and self-sacrifice. One may understand much that is behind the sweet and gentle smile of the Chinese when one considers the devotions which control his life.

FORGOTTEN NATIONS

EVERYTHING changes. Time and storms change the geography of the world; ambition, overcrowding and wanderlust change the world politically and ethnically. One after another, and sometimes simultaneously, through the course of history great nations have risen, had their day, and slumped again into partial, if not complete, oblivion. Egypt and Sumeria rose together and stamped their culture on the civilizations about them. The Assyrian superseded the Babylonian régime, to be itself rather speedily overpowered by the Persian. Greece arose to eclipse finally both Persia and Egypt, only, however, to yield to Rome, which in turn succumbed to the Gauls.

So it goes; the strong must give way to the stronger; the stronger to the strongest. But supporting these main actors, coming and going like shadowy, little-noticed wraiths on the stage of history, flit the myriads in the ballet of forgotten nations. Overshadowed by their flashing contemporaries, their part in the production of world history has either been so minimized as to be almost nothing or to be dismissed without mention. But they had their exits and their

entrances, the import of which may be suggested by a short sketch of the part played by the Cimmerian nation of the first and second millenia, B. C.

These Cimmerians were a great nation for at least three centuries: they defied barbarian and civilized nations alike; their resistance to the Assyrian campaigns in Asia Minor so effectually stopped the onrush of that mighty Semitic war machine that the rich cities of the Ionian coast were saved from destruction, and thus indirectly to the Cimmerians are we indebted for the great men who later were born in that region and educated there: Thales, Heraclitus, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Dionysus of Miletus, Hippocrates, Sappho, Herodotus. Yet the Assyrians and Scyths were capable of wiping this nation off the face of the earth, and, had not Homer mentioned them, and a war correspondent or two, and were not a few place names remaining that identified them, we should be unaware that they ever existed.

These Cimmerians were a composite nation. Iranian herders migrating toward Thrace intermarried with the fierce, horse-taming barbarians of that country, and from this union arose a nation so extensive and so self-contained that it

stopped for two centuries the normal flow of culture from the Adriatic Sea to the eastern reaches of the Danube. Scythian hordes, pushed from the rich lands at the north of the Black Sea by migrating Messagetae, at length set about taking possession of the lands of Thrace. Unwilling to be absorbed yet unable to resist, the Cimmerians migrated to the east, one part going across the Bosporus to western Asia Minor and another part threading their way above the Black Sea, across the Cimmerian Bosporus, down the eastern rim, and over the Caucasus Mountains into eastern Asia Minor. The hordes conquered from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean and from Lydia to the Taurus Mountains; the kingdom of Croesus fell before them and dozens of other nations less opulent and less extensive.

But Sargon of Assyria coveted the gold of Asia Minor and the rich trading cities on the south shores of the Black Sea, of which Sinope, one of the most flourishing, seems to have been the capital of at least one branch of the Cimmerians. Sargon sent his crown prince, Sennacherib, against them, and that youth's letters of distress to his father have been preserved. Then Sargon took the field and lost his life

there. Sennacherib, as emperor, and, after him, Esarhaddon fought to subdue the Cimmerians, but both were unsuccessful. Ashur-bani-pal at length defeated them. Lydia and the Scyths moved in to complete the destruction. The extermination seems to have been complete, for as far as we know the Cimmerian nation was wiped from the face of the earth, completely destroyed or completely absorbed by nations which conquered them.

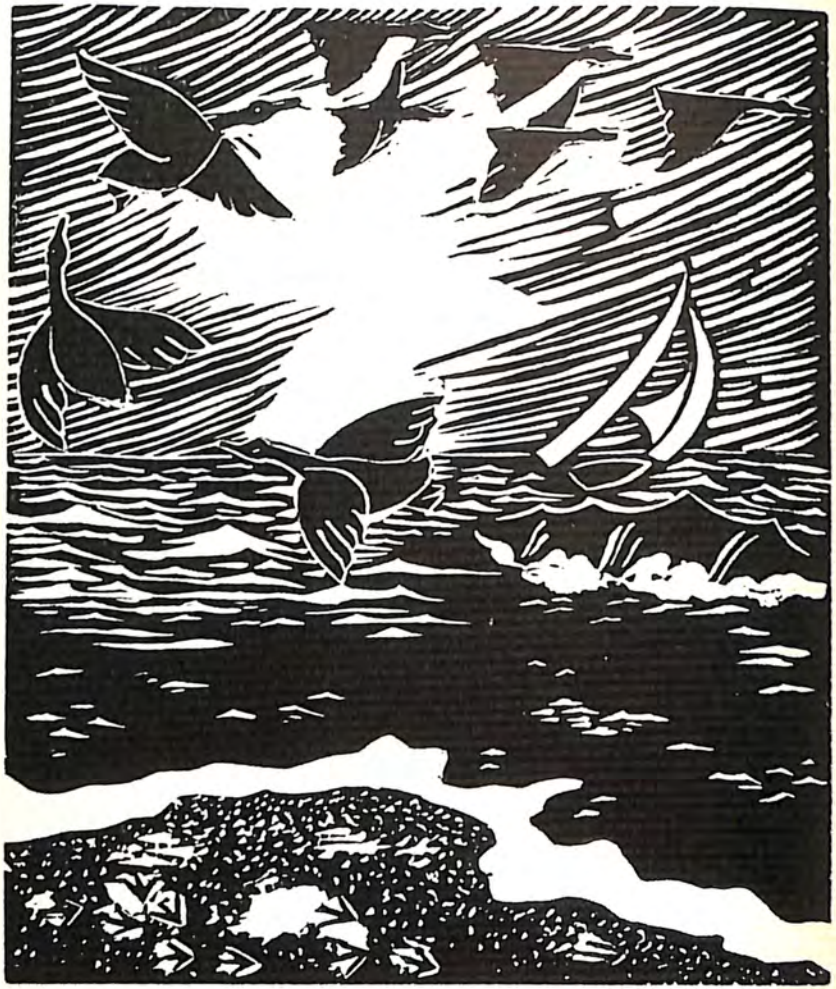
Homer had written of them in *The Odyssey* while they yet dwelled in the little known regions of the mountains of Thrace as: "living on the mist and clouds, and the sun never looks down upon them with his rays either at morn or eventide, but deadly night is over all." After their brief but powerful rule of Asia Minor for perhaps three decades, deadly night indeed descended on them, and equal darkness has descended on innumerable other forgotten nations whose history might well have been full of romance and to whom we may be greatly indebted in many ways.

Mary Frances Degnan, '41,
Charlotte Lambert, '41,
Marjorie Virgil, '41.

LINES FOR REMEMBERING

Soft days of rain
Early morning sounds
A striped candy cane
Gay flowering mounds
An old world town
Wild, windy nights
The capering circus clown
March sky all hung with kites.

OLGA MALATI, '40.



COAST BIRDS AT BOLINAS

A flight of birds swoops low above the waves,
Changing formation like a bombing fleet,
With perfect spacing drill.
A long grey gull struts clumsily on shore
In search of fire,
Imprinting forked feet in the saturant sand,
So soon encompassed by the rush of foam
Which stretches then recedes.
Above, another, whiter gull
Swoops and circles, with the utmost ease;
Then, tiring, soon glides down
To rest atop a wave,
There bobs and floats serene.
Swift skimming at the waves' long crest,
A pelican sails by, flies low,
Its eyes alert for silver streak of fish.
And then the ducks appear against the sky,
A swooping, swirling drill of figure eight.

MARY HELFRICH, '39.

KO HUNG: CHINESE ALCHEMIST OF THE FOURTH CENTURY

Ko Hung was a native of Chi-Jung in Kiang-su. While he was still a boy he loved to study, but his family was so poor that he was obliged to chop wood in order to earn money to purchase writing materials. He studied at night and in due time became a great Confucian scholar. He had simple desires and led a hermit's life, but he was so determined in his quest for knowledge that he would traverse a thousand miles to obtain it if necessary. He was especially fond of the Taoist of the Shen Hsien, the way of the Celestial Immortals, or Genii.

His great uncle, Ko Hsuan, had studied the Taoist and had attained *Hsien*, the state of Celestial Immortality, and had transmitted to his disciple Chin Yin his secret art of cultivation of the spirit and the compounding of medicines. Ko Hung, in turn, studied with Chin Yin and learned all of his art. Later, he studied with

Pao Hsuan, who was well versed in the *Nuei Hsueh*, the book of the *Inner or Esoteric Studies*, and could divine the future. Pao Hsuan thought highly of Ko Hung and gave him his daughter in marriage. Ko Hung then inherited the work of his father-in-law and also took up medical practice.

In the reign of Chin Ching Ti (326-342 A. D.), when he was over seventy, he was offered various government positions, but he invariably declined them, pleading old age. He wished to compound a medicine for the extension of his life. He heard that the *Chiao Chi* country (Persia) produced *tan sha* (cinnabar), and so he petitioned the emperor for the office of *Ling* of Kou Lou. The emperor refused at first on the ground that the office was beneath him on account of his attainments, but finally gave his consent when Ko Hung explained that he wanted the office not for fame, but for the *tan sha* which was available at Kou Lou. He set out with his family, but on the way was detained by the Governor of Canton. Here Ko Hung stayed, living in the Lo-fo Mountain, where he worked on the compounds for the elixir of life. Seven years he did spend at the place, leading a leisurely life and writing profusely.

Seeing that the scholars of the time esteemed only the teaching of Chow Kung and Confucius and disbelieved in *Shen Hsien*, the study of immortality, not only laughing at the latter but also putting to disrepute Chin Yin, true apostle of the Taoist teachings, he wrote for their enlightenment, in a book of one hundred and sixteen chapters, of the *Inner and Outer Significance of the Nuei Hsueh.*

One day, when Ko Hung was eighty-one, he addressed a message to the Governor of Canton stating that he would shortly start on a long journey in search of worthy teachers with whom to study. The Governor made haste to pay him a farewell visit. On that very day Ko Hung sat in state until noon, when he died. Although dead, he looked alive and his body and limbs were soft. When they placed him in the coffin his body disappeared, leaving the clothes behind it.

In the T'ung dynasty (800-900 A. D.) one Tsui Wei met an aged woman beggar at the Kai Yuan Tsu monastery in Nanhai, who told him of her ability to cure goiters and gave him a medicinal herb. Later on he came to the knowledge that she was Ko Hung's wife.

WANG KACHING, '41.

HEGEL IN THE TOTALITARIAN STATE

THE present Totalitarian states in Europe can trace their political ideas to George William Frederick Hegel, nineteenth century philosopher and disciple of Kant. These Totalitarian states consist of two types: the Fascist, as exemplified by Italy and Germany, which are the antithesis of the Communist, as exemplified by Russia. These states are the result of an extremely complicated set of material causes, yet, in so far as they are the product of ideas in Europe, they originate in Hegel.

The State, according to the political philosophy of Hegel, is the perfect social organization. It does not live for the individuals which compose it, but is absolute to the degree of sacrificing the individual, if necessary, for the good of the whole. Contrary to his theory of individualism *versus* the state, Hegel maintains that the state must be individual in respect to other states, because each is based upon a national spirit of language and custom. War exists as a necessity because without war no state could progress politically.

It was Hegel's theory of the state which in-

fluenced Karl Marx, the founder of "scientific socialism," the advocator of the rule by the proletariat and the classless society. In 1875 Marxian Socialism combined with the Socialism of Lassalle to form the Social Democratic party in Germany. The Hegelian school of philosophy then divided into "Leftists," or "Syndicalists," who accentuated the anti-Christian tendencies of Hegelianism and developed systems of Socialism, Materialism, Pantheism, and Rationalism; and the "Rightists," or "Revisionists," who developed Hegelianism along Christian lines. The former wished to achieve the Marxist ideal by revolution and the latter wished to achieve it by evolution.

In Russia the "Leftists" were represented by the Bolsheviks (Communists) and the "Rightists" by the Mensheviks. The Bolsheviks obtained control of the government in 1921 and have since retained control. Stalin, dictator of Russia, is not a true Marxist, since he believes the classless society may exist in one state; Trotsky, on the other hand, stood for world-wide classlessness.

At the close of the war there existed in Italy the Socialist party in its syndicalist form. In 1921 the Fascist party arose, headed by Musso-

lini, previously a Marxist. By 1928 Mussolini was dictator and the government had taken a decided swing to the Right. Here are echoes of the Absolute State of Hegel, for Mussolini in his article on "Fascism" for the Italian encyclopedia has stated that the State is the only absolute institution, that all others are relative.

The Social Democrats in Germany gave way, after the war, to the National Socialists, representing an exaggerated swing to the Right. In 1933 Hitler became dictator, and stronger echoes of Hegel's theory of the State are found in his program of the "totalitarian" and "authoritarian" state, the source of all value, which should include one nationality and regulate the activities of all its members and which has already resulted in the *Anschluss*, the union of Austria and Germany.

In communistic theory the dictatorship of the proletariat should eventually wither away when "the classless society is achieved." However, here and now, the Russian State is as thorough an absolutism of the Left as the Fascist states are of the Right, and in this sense Hegel, as the philosopher who exalted the State as the supreme source of all moral value, is the intellectual father of both types of states.

CECILIA AZEVEDO, '38.

RIMAS

(Translated from the Spanish of Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer, a frail, unfortunate poet from Seville, of the middle nineteenth century.)

XXI

What is poetry? You ask
While holding my gaze
Within your own of limpid blue!
What is poetry? Oh, need you ask?
Poetry—is you!

XXIII

For your glance, a world!
For your smile, all heaven!
For a kiss—how can I know
What I would give for
Your kiss!

XXXI

Our love was a tragic farce
In whose absurd folly
The grave and the gay blended
To foster the seed of laughter
And weeping.
But the worst of our brief idyl
Was that when it ended
Hers were the tears and the laughter,
But for me—there were only tears!

XXXVIII

Eyes of blue,
The sweet clarity of your smile
Is the tremulous gleam of
Morning
Reflected in deep waters.

Eyes of blue,
When you weep
The shimmering tears
In your depths
Are crystal drops
Of dew upon a violet.

Eyes of blue,
Within your depths
Each transient thought
Gleams like a ray of light,
Like a vagrant star
In the evening sky.

Olga Malati, '40.

THE MEADOWLANDS MURAL

THERE was a time, in the gay nineties, when San Rafael was the fashionable suburb of San Francisco. Then such mansions were built as those we now know as Meadowlands, Santa Sabina and Benincasa. Just beyond their formal gardens stretched meadows and gently rolling hills unobscured by the village of smaller dwellings and taller trees that now exist. The Marin countryside is not unlike that of the lovely Midlands of England, and some of the fashionable families of earlier San Rafael were English. It is not surprising, therefore, that many traces of English influence remain. The many rare and beautiful trees of the campus are part of this heritage and the combination of well guarded and great natural beauty and orderliness that is the Benincasa garden. The Meadowlands entrance has always seemed to me to be English baronial, and now that the nineteen-twenty calsomine has been washed from the walls of the Meadowlands green room there is revealed a beautiful mural of an English fox hunt of the gay nineties over a countryside that is appropriately English but might well have been Marin.

There, in the lead at the very start, move three young squires, coated in scarlet, attending a young lady in black silk, high hat and long black habit draping one side of her mount. Through the green fields and under an almost green sky they ride, now turning, just above the corner hall door, across a lane, to the hedgerow where the dogs have already advanced. The old gamekeeper, urging the hounds, vaults the hedge and at the height of the jump twists about to lift his cap in gallantry to the lady.

The hunters appear over a bluff; now the hounds circle the little hill, nosing for the scent. Suddenly they see the fox and the chase is on. Red coats, red earth, red spotted hounds, and a flaming fox dash around the bend and over the arch to the living room. Now they have cornered Reynard in a small gully and the gamekeeper approaches to whip the dogs away from their prey.

At last the hunters rest over between the French doors; dismounted from their horses, they look to the hounds. The lucky squire has won the foxtail and presents it to the lady. The dogs lie sprawled in the shade of a small grove; the horses droop their heads and tails — one fancies the tinkling of loose reins and stirrups.

And now we have come to the beginning again across the corner windows—the three young squires and the lady canter along through green landscape and sky, flashing brightly among the trees and shrubs of the rolling hills. One thinks of hunting songs, the urging cry, "Eu-in, Eu-in," a red fox leaping through gorse bushes, the shrill "Tally-ho, twa-coo." To complete the picture, the green room, decorated with these murals, suggests an English hunting lodge, perhaps the very one to which our party will adjourn when the sport is over. Its dark wood walls form a frame for the woodsy scenes; its stone fireplace beneath the vaulting gamekeeper, its comfortable chairs from the depths of which we survey the murals make it seem a bit of Older England left to us from Old San Rafael.

JANE CRAWFORD, '40.

MICHAEL O'SHAGSTONE

Michael O'Shagstone is the pet of the campus. He belongs to the family of the royal Irish setters; one need not see his pedigree as proof, for his noble lineage is perfectly apparent in his manner. Head and tail held high, he patters down the corridors or courses like a red streak across Forest Meadows. Sometimes he stalks in majestic coldness, gazing with grave tolerance at his admirers. Occasionally he accepts a friendly pat or wags his tail in recognition but his manner generally invites no familiarities. Yet he has moods of affection in unequal measure. Some of his friends he greets with eager embraces at almost every meeting; on others he bestows his attention only now and then; it may be that his ad-

vances mean merely that he wants to edge the occupants out of a comfortable chair and sit there himself. For his mistress, however, his affection never fails. She has but to come in the door and he is there, paws on her shoulder, head snuggled against her, tail wagging as if it might fly off. He is content to wait for hours at her door, or lie gazing in adoration at her door knob. But as she is so very often busy he is frequently forced to seek amusement elsewhere. Slightly wounded at the thought of being deserted he chooses the car parked nearest in the driveway and sits down before it expectantly. He demands a ride and if it is not soon forthcoming his eyes grow hurt and bewildered, but he never whimpers. Once in the car he settles himself in the back seat, where he sits like a lord, head thrown back, ears drooping properly, and assumes an eloquent expression as much as to say "On James!" As the car starts moving he relaxes to the extent of poking his head out the window and viewing with pride what he no doubt considers his vast possessions.

A MASS MORNING IN MARCH

Six-fifteen brings the shrill ring of the alarm. The rays of morning light brighten up the room that two months ago lay in still, thick darkness. A glance through the window shows the tall pines, their tops already bathed in sunlight as they stand on the distant hill. No feeling of unpleasant discomfort accompanies one this morning as it did during the December walks to Mass, when the sky was so black and a cold, drizzling rain poured steadily down, making it necessary to wear heavy coats, carry umbrellas and cautiously sidestep each puddle. Now the blue sky stretches overhead awaiting the sun that will soon top the eastern hills. The dry gravel crunches underfoot, birds chirp from the treetops, the air is filled with the scent of spring blossoms. Even the dew that whitens the housetops and covers the grass belongs to spring. Yet if all this fails to impress the early

morning stroller the one symbol that no one can miss is the tiny peach tree at Anne Hathaway that had stood last winter like a little misshapen witch thrust in the damp sod. This morning it stands up proudly, white dew surrounding its slim trunk, its top a bouquet of close-clustered pink blossoms.

GEORGIE LAVOY, '40.

Slim ribbons of rain
Thud on curly-headed hyacinth and
Weave a trembling chain
On spider's web; wash the frills
Of blossoming tree-gowns white and pink
But fall tinkling from the heads
Of defiant daffodils.

OLGA MALATI, '40.

I miss you, dear,
I love you still,
Less than I did
And more than I will!

DOROTHY KELLY, '40.

IN THE PATIO

From directly overhead the spring sun sends down its welcome warmth on the upturned faces of students in Fanjeaux's patio. From the expressions on the faces, one would say that each girl is supremely content, that each one wants nothing more than the privilege of sitting and absorbing the sunshine on such a glorious day. Now and then a spirited conversation on why "I really deserve more than a D in that course—a D + at any rate," or the announcement of a slim Sophomore that "I received a letter from 'Moffie' today; she is having a wonderful time in Paris" draws everyone's attention away from the sun-worshipping. A discussion of events follows; a side remark from the blonde twin comfortably sprawled in the rocking chair causes an outburst of laughter from all within hearing distance.

Then a gradual lull in the conversation and all slip back into the comfort and relaxation of doing and thinking nothing. Just quiet and sunshine once more. Now, one can actually hear the peaceful hum of the bees and the far-off chime of the Angelus. Just as one begins to reflect on the wonder and glories of springtime, and the trial of having classes during such

a season, the single announcement from the living room that "the dining room doors are open!" cuts the peace completely. Immediate, almost spontaneous, reaction follows: a dash *en masse* through the living room erases all thought of sunshine. One lazy soul trails after the rest at a mild amble. Traces of excited conversation are wafted out on the breeze but gradual quiet prevails as the last loiterer enters the dining room.

The patio is abandoned to the peace and quiet of the lonely sunshine, the mild constancy of the buzzing bees and the last echoing chimes of the Angelus.

PATRICIA BANNAN, '40.

BACK FROM VACATION

The Meadowlands driveway suddenly becomes crowded with cars. Glaring white headlights send sharp stabs of brightness across the lawn, only to be absorbed by the blackness of the shrubs. Girls hurry from car to car, their friendly "hellos" rising above the sound of banging doors and gravel scrunched under high French heels. Neat bits of luggage lean jauntily against steps and running boards waiting to be carried up in the second installment of belongings. The big Dutch door at the top of the steps is thrown wide open. Within the lamps glow softly and a high fire blazes in the grate between the two brass dragon heads. Friends, roommates, and next-door neighbors stand, hats and coats in hand, merrily reviewing the events of the holidays. Sighs of "It was wonderful" mingle with "It's nice to be back." The whole atmosphere speaks of home-coming with all its friendliness, eagerness and warmth.

WOODPECKER

A woodpecker
Clings to the tree,
Neatly, busily
Pecks he,
Like a castenet
He clicks;
Into the sturdy trunk
He picks;
With mathematical
Precision
Bores into his
Deep incision;
Mechanically
He does his digging;
Important
In his fancy rigging
Cocks his military
Cap,
With machine-gun
"Tap, tap, tap";
Bows,
With continental jerk,
Steps, and starts
His clock-like work.
"Tap, tap, tap, tap,"

Runs the ticking,
While his
Jabbing bill
Is picking.
"Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap,"
Stabs he,
Woodpecker,
Up in the tree.

DOROTHY KELLY, '40.

INTO THE MORNING

Across the street, on the top twig of the tallest tree of all, a crow croaks through the vanishing fog and drowns our hurrying footsteps. Bright in the streaks of inquisitive sunbeams, dew quivers on the first buttercup and a fine-haired mat of new-grown grass. And though the air feels like invisible frost, the sun already warms the cheek and calls forth streams of steam from sidewalk and rooftop. The leaves of shrubs are shiny and wet to touch when we brush their stretching branches that make us linger on our way. Boughs of eucalyptus gleam white with nakedness, their rolls of bark, like parchment scrolls unfurled upon the ground, lie filled with fallen podcaps dropped with a silenced little pop.

Then we hear a car rushing up the hill, and, feigning nonchalance, we furtively hope for a ride. But no. And as it zooms away we console

ourselves with the sight of a yellow acacia that looms like clouds of captured sunlight in the midst of flowering peach and plum. Fragrance of many blossoms mingles with the must of mossy stumps and wet old leaves. There—where someone ran along unwarily, a skid mark tells a silent tale of an unpleasant incident in a fellow walker's life. Now, as we turn the corner to the college, wood smoke already scents the air from smoldering piles of damp leaves; and as we run to gain the first class in time, a breeze rustles our skirts and seems to pull us from our duties—a whispering sigh of temptation on the loveliest of spring mornings.

JANE ABBOTT CRAWFORD, '41.

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST DANCE

THE first dance of the college year causes great excitement, especially among the freshmen. From the time the topic is brought up in student body meeting until the great night arrives weeks later, it is foremost in everybody's mind. There are two problems to be considered: clothes and escorts. What on earth can we wear? Something that will make one look old and sophisticated; that demure formal Mother thinks is so becoming would never do. Then there is the all-important matter of an escort. He must not, first of all, look younger than the others, and, of course, must be suave and so forth, and so forth. Where to find someone who will live up to all the requirements among the limited selection one has to choose from!

The weeks drag. The proper gown and escort are finally acquired somehow, and the great night of the dance is here at last. Arriving at the hotel, the young sophisticate strolls boldly into the lobby and casually glances around with a secret prayer that she will see the welcome face of a classmate. Then, in the midst of her dignity, she backs awkwardly into a friend doing the same thing. Both glad and relieved

to see someone they all know well, after much exclamation of joy, they introduce their escorts with the proper formalities, check their wraps and walk into the Gold Room together.

Dressed and ready for hours, they thought they had waited long enough so as to be fashionably late. But, to their utter dejection, the ballroom stands immense and empty except for a few scattered people. The orchestra is playing softly in one corner, but no one as yet is dancing. The only familiar figures they recognize are members of the social committee, who are talking to the patronesses, and a stray couple or two. The invitation said nine-thirty, yet somewhere outside in the dark city a clock chimed ten o'clock. They meekly edge their way over to the long row of empty gilt chairs along the wall, escorts following.

KATHARINE MCNAMARA, '41.
MARY HELFRICH, '39.

ONE NIGHT

THE FRESHMAN WING AT MEADOWLANDS

THE unsteady clap, clap of someone trying to tiptoe down the hall on high heels warned us that the proctor was coming. Pat took a firmer grip upon the French book, and I stood in a more helpful attitude at her side.

"This is the third time tonight," Pat muttered between her teeth. "Doesn't she have anything else to do?"

"We ought to get her some sneakers," I suggested. "Wonder if she'd take the hint."

Janet stopped outside the door. We waited. Suddenly she opened it. "I thought I told you not to visit," she said in her sweet, well modulated voice.

I whirled passionately around. "I've got to help 'Geneviève' with her French. Can I help it if she's so dumb that she can't even find the assignment?"

A bellow of rage came from Pat as she leapt from the bed. "Get out!" she yelled. "I can flunk just as well without any help from you!"

"I don't doubt it!" And I stamped past Janet and across the hall to my own room. In a few

minutes I heard Janet retreating, and I burst back into Pat's room.

"Joie de vivre!" she shouted. "Where's Françoise?"

"Don't know. Why?" I asked, flopping on the bed. "I've got to finish my history."

"Not on that bed you don't; I'm going to change the room around."

"If you move this bed, you'll move it with me on it, not otherwise." And I curled up comfortably and began to read while Pat swung beds and hauled desks around. Mary scratched and poked her head in through the adjoining doorway. "You're not moving things again, are you? I mean to say, that's the second time today."

"Joie de vivre!" Pat replied.

"Kathleen ought to be up any minute now," I added, pulling myself up from the *Roman Empire Under Augustus* to look at Mary. "And are you still awake? Don't you realize it's after 9 o'clock?"

"Mary's getting to be quite a night owl; she didn't get to bed until nine-fifteen last night," Pat chimed in.

"Good night!" And Mary smiled and withdrew her head. An instant later Françoise

banged the hall door open and tried to come in. One of the beds was in the way, but she climbed philosophically over it and plunked her books down on the desk that Pat was dragging across the floor. Then she sank into a chair and began to watch her roommate. Suddenly she cocked one eye and leaped up. "What'd you do with my blue binder?" she demanded.

Pat gasped and pulled at her hair. "Françoise," she cried in exasperation, "how should I know?"

Françoise pulled at her own hair and went through the usual preliminary calisthenics that always herald their arguments. I threw a pillow at them and Kathleen opened the door! "Julie, I could hear you laughing all the way down the hall," our house-mother began reprovingly. "Changing the furniture again, Pat? I missed all this racket last night. What was the matter? Too tired after our little lecture?"

"That lecture!" Pat groaned.

"They lured us in with false promises of a dance recital," I said accusingly. "I could have finished all my French and history."

"And all we got was hungry," Françoise broke in.

"Now look here, you three," Kathleen said. "Think of Betty Mills in the sun room. She's studying quietly away and Mary Louise is studying in bed. Why don't you girls follow their example?"

"Ye gods, Kathleen! What do you think we've been doing all day? Rain! Rain! Rain! Study! Study! Study! Joie de vivre! What a life! Joie de vivre!" Our protests filled the room.

"Yes," we heard Kathleen say as she closed the door behind her, "Joie de vivre!"

JULIE DYCKMAN, '41.

IN MEMORIAM

Stella is gone. She was one of the nicest things that happened to us. She was not beautiful; she had personality, she had "color." We loved her quaint, antiquated lines, her gay sky blue and scarlet complexion. We loved every rattle and every squeak. There was a lot to love about Stella.

Stella took us on many happy journeys about the countryside. She ran at forty miles an hour and it felt like eighty. Twelve happy faces riding against the wind; twelve happy voices hoarse and singing and shouting. Twelve names inscribed on the steering wheel—her twelve beloved owners.

Stella was a faithful servant. If at times she seemed a bit erratic it was because of her innate temperamental nature. And, Stella was no longer young. She was well treated. She was taken to the doctor hourly, where her many ailments received the attention of a kind service station man. She was fed well. She was pampered and coaxed. But surely she more than repaid all that was done for her. She was understood.

Stella was not with us long, but in those few short days she endeared herself to the whole

campus. She seemed to "belong" at once. But lower classmen cannot have cars. Stella had to go. It was a sad and tearful parting. Immortalized forever, in our College memories, is our much loved and much missed Stella Confusion.

DOROTHY KELLY, '41.

CAESAR AUGUSTUS WITHOUT HIS ROMAN HALO

THE slave, a young Greek, carefully crossed the beautiful mosaic floor and set the tray of tea things before his mistress and her guest. The latter exclaimed with delight at the variety of the little sweet cakes, and both girls settled themselves more comfortably on the high Oriental cushions, the vogue at that time, and began to nibble daintily.

"Antonia, is it really true that Julia has become a worshipper of Isis? And what does her father say?" Claudia readjusted her stola and leaned expectantly toward her hostess, who had been her best friend since childhood. Their ties of friendship had been strengthened when they had both married well, a few years before, at the age of sixteen. Now, like good Roman matrons, they had several children.

"Yes, Julia goes nearly every night to the Temple of Isis; Augustus doesn't know. Oh, Claudia! Think how furious he would be if he did! I mean, after he has banned all foreign religions to be practiced within a mile of Rome. But that sort of thing only encourages Julia. And have you heard? (Claudia wiggled ex-

citedly, for the emperor and his family were favorite topics of gossip, the dearly loved pastime of all Roman women.) She and Ovid—well! Someone really ought to tell Augustus," she finished with a virtuous shake of her head.

"But who would dare? Not even Livia, much as she hates her stepdaughter, would care to risk Augustus' displeasure." Claudia's voice dropped to a more confidential tone. "He is too fond of Julia to want her banished—and, besides, imagine a disgrace in his family——."

"He's an old hypocrite!" the other broke in petulantly. "My husband says that he affects that republican simplicity of his to lull the people into forgetting that he is an absolute monarch—even more of a dictator than his Uncle Julius!" Antonia tossed her head defiantly with these words, as though she were speaking to the stodgy old man himself, and added viciously, "But that doesn't fool us patricians or the equites one little bit——."

"My father says that Augustus has made Rome and all the empire better." Claudia rather timidly started a defense of the richest and most powerful man in the world. "He has brought peace and prosperity from the Euphrates to the very boundaries of Gaul, and (she

took another cake) lest the people miss all the excitement and bloodshed of the days before his reign, he gives them many gladiatorial contests and fights with wild animals."

"I don't care—he is still a hypocrite." Antonia easily discarded Claudia's defense. "Just think of his house—that tiny box! He's afraid to build a grand one for himself, so he lives with Maecenas at his huge villas most of the time or with other of his rich friends." Seeing a second defense springing to her friend's lips, she rushed heedlessly on: "And he insists that he doesn't want to be deified or worshipped—at least not in Rome—yet he built that beautiful temple to Apollo right next to his house to remind us of his connections with the god! And he likes to be known as a patron of letters and art, but unless Maecenas reminds him, he forgets that poets and artists have to eat!" Claudia evidently decided to forsake her defense of the emperor.

"He's always grumbling that he has more secretaries than he knows what to do with, and so sends them off to Gaul with Agrippa—no doubt hoping that they will be killed!" she laughed heartily, and Antonia joined her. Then for a few minutes both girls sat in silent con-

templation of the imperial family and munched more cake. Claudia spoke again.

"Livia is really very regal—it's too bad she can't wear a crown."

"Augustus would never hear of it!" Antonia interrupted. "Why he even refuses to wear any garment that hasn't been made under her personal supervision."

"What an old-fashioned idea! I wonder that she puts up with it." Claudia daintily brushed some crumbs from the corner of her mouth.

"Oh, she's very strict herself."

"They say that Augustus is still so much in love with her that when they are to have a serious conversation he writes out his part beforehand!"

"That may be, but he still finds young women fascinating. And what woman refuses the attentions even of a stuffy emperor?"

"Oh, Antonia! I don't think that you should say that," Claudia protested.

"Why not? The old hypocrite! Men just wait upon him for his favors and he is so much more lavish with them when rich men, who naturally make no secret of their wills, leave him large sums. My husband has willed him quite a lot; he is furious when some men die

and leave him nothing! He'd like to take revenge on their families, only he prides himself on being just." Claudia thoughtfully stretched her hand toward the tea tray.

"Augustus is really quite good looking. Mother says that he used to be very handsome, fair, curly hair, large grey eyes, and features like a Greek statue."

"Yes, but his teeth are uneven and are turning black. And he is so afraid of catching cold that he hides his figure, which is still quite graceful, under four woolen tunics besides his toga, and he wears a chest protector and that terrible big hat of his that makes him look like a country yokel visiting in Rome!"

"Oh, Antonia! What a way to speak of your Emperor!" Claudia was shocked, but was also enjoying her friend's harangue.

"I don't care," and Antonia tossed her head so that she nearly spoiled the careful hair arrangement that her slave girls had worked so hard upon that morning. She reached for another cake, but changed her mind. "I can't eat another bite!" She looked solicitously at her guest.

"Neither can I," Claudia answered dutifully, but helping herself to several more cakes. An-

tonia imperiously clapped her hands. A slave, the same young Greek, approached his mistress, took the tray, and respectfully withdrew.

JULIE DYCKMAN, '41.

"OLD HURRICANE"

"Old Hurricane" used to march into Ward B with the air of a general surveying his troops. When she appeared in the hospital in the morning all activity was temporarily suspended and conversation trailed off into hushed whispers as though to make room for her boundless energy.

Briskly she would begin her rounds, pausing for a second before each unit to make the usual inquiries about healing wounds, broken bones, and aching heads. Her keen grey eyes never missed a detail as she flicked imaginary crumbs from beside tables, pinched dead leaves from flowers, moved chests of drawers and chairs into position, and smoothed bed clothes, pulling them firmly up under chins in a manner that defied any movement on the part of the helpless patient. With equal efficiency she inspected dressing trays, checked labels, and moved

bottles. Never once around the ward did her action cease.

With a curt word to the ward nurse she would stride starchily to the door, execute a military turn on a substantial white heel and pause for a final review of the mathematical precision she had effected. This was her brief moment of satisfaction as she reviewed the rows of white beds with their mummylike, smoothly covered figures. Then she would leave the ward, an odor of clean soap and antiseptic floating back in the breeze left in her wake. As she disappeared down the hall, the small white cap riding with dignity on a wave of greying hair, breathing once more became audible in Ward B. Wrinkles appeared in carelessly tossed back covers, and a few bold ones ventured to sit up in bed and exchange good-natured remarks.

But do not think that "Old Hurricane" was not loved and respected. In spite of the warning "Quiet, here comes the 'Hurricane'!" they knew that behind her briskness was a sympathy and understanding that would never fail. And woe to any stranger in the ward who made any deprecating remarks concerning her buxomness or military bearing!

MAXINE KEMPE, '39.

ALUMNAE

AS ALUMNAE, we are, according to the old definition, foster children of Alma Mater —graciously made her own. We are hers not for a few years only, but for all our lives. We are Dominican College students not merely for our undergraduate years, but afterward as well, in whatever sphere of life we may be. It is sustaining both for ourselves and for our College to renew old associations.

The doings of the alumnae and the hospitality of the Sisters offer a happy continuity to our experience from the time of our leaving college. As alumnae, we may find again the comradeship of the campus at the Homecoming the first Saturday of the New Year and gaiety with old friends at the Easter Monday Ball. Then each year during Holy Week we are invited to San Rafael for the precious experience of a retreat. And in May with each new *Firebrand* we may become acquainted with the girls who have come to share the study and the fun that were ours, and we may gain an insight into their new interests and the development of the College. Through all these and other ties as well we may know again our college years, with

their charm and their delight, and the alumnae may be as vital a part of the college as the Student Body itself.

Because we value so highly our own time at college in San Rafael, we, the alumnae, are eager to communicate to others the pride we feel in Alma Mater and to interest students unfamiliar with the Dominican College in the many-sided training she offers amid an atmosphere of fine simplicity, sensitiveness to beauty in little things and great, and devotion to intellectual and spiritual truth. To encourage particularly students who will be of special worth to the College the alumnae are working to establish a scholarship fund. If through this fund we are able to bring promising students to the College it will be for us the deepest satisfaction.

ALICE DUFFY, '34.

THE BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP

EVERYBODY gathered on the front steps of Guzman Hall with jars, gloves, poison oak preventative, and paraphernalia suited for the woods. Starting out, we cut through the high school grounds, crossed a foot bridge on the other side of the street, and finally found ourselves on the regular route to Black Canyon. At the end of this road, after we ducked through barbed wire of a pasture fence, we came upon the path frequented mostly by dairy cows. All about us lay thick, close-cropped grass as smooth as lawn. Here, then again, and still again, yesterday's rain found its way down the hills and into an impromptu brook across our lane; to gain the other side we skipped from one stone to another, finally landing haphazardly on a tiny muddy bank.

Gradually the valley we had entered rose to tree-dotted slopes, then to steeper shaded walls following the crevice in which we walked. Baby water dogs the color of madrone tree bark crawled indolently between our feet—quite different from those busy lizards darting lightning-like in the heat of summer. Here, where the earth and padded leaves sponged

soggily at every step, lay banks of ferns, clumps of bright purple iris and a few nodding brodeae.

And then, in the quiet of this wild ravine almost at our back door, a dripping, gurgling, and splashing broke the silence of the flowers. Around a turn we came upon a circular ending of the path, a pile of loose rock, open to the sky. Straight before us, high as we could see, fell a waterfall twisting its way over a series of projections in the rocky cliff. One little spot below an overhanging crag stayed dry, yet all about it, damp and wet, small ledges proved a resting place for myriads of tiny plants, and tentacles of moss stretched and clung in web-like patterns on the walls.

After we climbed to the top of the steep bank and overlooked the far-off spot where we had stood we picked wild larkspur, great wild sweet peas, and blossoms as golden as sunflowers. Threading our way around the hill, we found more brooks — fuller, louder; profusions of maiden-hair ferns, pale hidden trilliums, red patches of indian paint brush, a rare columbine and mission bell almost invisible on the patterned earth where sun rays filtered through close-branched foliage.

Yet all too soon the path led out again into

wide open hills; creamy buttercups and flaming poppies covered the slopes with a sprinkling of baby blue eyes; golden cowslips crushed beneath our feet. Then suddenly we were slipping on sharp pods of eucalyptus trees and crumpling huge peelings of their bark that hung from forked branches and spread curled upon the ground like giant candied cinnamon. Subtly hidden beneath their curving canopies lurked pools of rain water and tiny morasses of mud that sucked and gurgled about our shoes.

Arrived at the chicken and dairy farm, which was practically home, we ran heavily down the sloping, rutted road, flourishing crooked sticks and clutching already limp leaves and drooping flowers. Hot and weary, we sank at last upon Guzman steps and, facing the hills of our adventure, happily plucked away grass and bugs, smelled the faint aroma of bay-leaf on our hands, and emptied microscopic rocks from our muddy shoes.

JANE CRAWFORD, '40.

IN THE LABORATORY

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

This we chant like eager witches waiting for the "gruel thick and slab." Beakers of "maw and gulf" boil rapidly as hot steam and heavy fumes drift upward. Anxiously we hover over the contents pouring in one cubic centimeter of "baboon's blood" and three grams of "ravin'd salt-sea shark." Through the filters hour after hour slowly seep the precious liquids. Then, in a casserole, goes the mighty substance to the oven, where it bakes and bakes for days. Almost afraid, we carefully place the residue on the scales and weigh it again and again. To the ten-thousandth of a gram it proves to be the exact formula of "witch's mummy." At last we are rewarded for our days of toil and care, for our months of worry and stress. Success seems assured for our future. And we all chime in:

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

ELIZABETH DELORIMIER, '39.

W. A. A. ACTIVITIES

THE Dominican branch of the Women's Athletic Association has bustled with activity this past year. As the seasons brought into play our variety of sports, Forest Meadows and the gymnasium teemed with athletic girls in green and white suits. Interspersed with regular class hours and interclass games we found our athletic education broadened with exhibitions and other unexpected treats. The high light of these, four junior tennis stars, came to us on April 20. Margaret Osborne, junior national singles champion, and three junior title holders displayed form and coördination before an enthusiastic audience at Forest Meadows.

Technically under the head of sports, the annual W. A. A. Carnival regaled the onlookers with its old and newly discovered talent. No less entertaining was the dance program presented on January 25.

Our W. A. A. does not confine its work to our campus alone. Representatives have attended hockey, tennis and swimming exhibitions as the guests of neighboring colleges. And on April 25 we gave a proud send-off to this year's president and next year's vice-president as they

left for Pullman, Washington, to attend the Pacific Coast W. A. A. Convention.

The W. A. A. bimonthly, *From the Side Lines*, overcame every obstacle and dutifully played its part of W. A. A. mouthpiece. Even that small publication attempted something new and stupendous this year—a sport annual. This included snapshots of campus life and a few brief articles.

All in all, we feel that sports and all other activities of the W. A. A. sponsors have brought coördination to muscles, minds and groups of girls.

CAROLYN MAGILL, '40.

ART NOTES

THIS year has been rich in opportunities to enjoy great art. For music we heard a glorious evening of Wagner sung by five of the world's foremost exponents of Wagnerian music. Our pleasure in this rare opportunity will not be forgotten, nor will our gratitude to the College for the wisdom and generosity in bringing to the campus artists which neither in New York nor abroad could be easily met with in such rich and brilliant combination.

The music department also brought to Angelico Hall, Robert Schmitz, pianist, the last pupil of Debussy. For three hours he played for us compositions of Bach and Debussy with a skill that made the music speak eloquently the beauty in which it was conceived and with a range of manner from the scores of both composers that displayed the versatility of each and at the same time gave a broad basis for studying the likenesses and differences in the fashions of musical expression of the eighteenth and twentieth centuries.

In opportunities to study and enjoy pictorial art we have been most fortunate also. A series of beautiful reproductions loaned by the Car-

negie Foundation has been hung in Guzman Gallery from week to week. Each exhibit was there long enough for repeated visits, and the scope of the exhibits, reaching from the most ancient to the most modern, combined with the provocative contrasts included in each made for a stimulation both of interest and critical acumen.

Then there have been the exhibits of etchings from the excellent collection of Dr. Ludwig Emge of San Francisco. Through these we have had opportunity to study work as it came from the hand of the artist, architectural studies by John Taylor Armes, William Walcott, Maxime Lelanne, D. Bunte, Cadwallader Washburn and many other modern etchers; portraits by Le Gros, Wolff, Arthur Heizelman, Washburn and Manet; at Easter a thrilling exhibit of sacred subjects by sixteenth and seventeenth century masters, such as Lucas van Leyden, Dürer, Rembrandt and Callot.

We should begin to have a fair acquaintance with the technique of etching, so generous has Doctor Emge been in letting us study beautiful examples from his rich store. Whether this technical knowledge does justice to our opportunities or not, we have had many hours of such

deep and abiding pleasure as only communion with great things can give. After an hour or two with the works of Callot I find myself for days seeing beauty and strength and a dramatic vigor in all things. One walks at once more grandly and more happily in this mundane world when a great artist like Callot points out again and again importance and loveliness or attractiveness in all things, the greatest and the smallest. After this rare Easter exhibit of etchings of holy subjects, among which are some of the finest of Doctor Emge's collection, I find myself seeing in all trees a beauty such as Callot etched into a few, and in all men and women a definiteness which generally escapes my careless attention. I do believe that as one walks about in this enlarged world of an artist's conception, for a time one's own stature increases and that, if one is fortunate, it never quite slumps back into its original size.

THE CLUBS

THE clubs of the College have played the usual active part this year in bringing students with like interests together and in fostering activities that might otherwise be burdensome.

"Le Cercle Français," with its gay meetings at which French songs ring out and comic sketches are given under the direction of Miss Wittenburg, welcomes all new French students and offers them a delightful way of learning idiomatic French conversation.

The Mu Chapter of Pi Delta Phi, the national French honor society, stimulates the French majors to high effort. Two of its members enjoyed attending a convention of the society at Stanford University at which national elections were held and plans for the establishment of a scholarship fund were made. If Benincasa is opened as a French house in the coming year there will be increased opportunity for contributions to the society.

"Las Modernistas," the Spanish Club, always a rival to French Club, has, in a sense, had the right of way this year. Last spring the latter's presentation of *Les Precieuses Ridicules* in An-

gelico was the high water mark in club activities. This year "Las Modernistas" planned and worked out a Fiesta which was presented for the entertainment of the College and the benefit of the war wounded in Spain. The staircase of the Meadowlands living room, hung with serapes and Aztec rugs, framed the Fiesta. The animated picadores, banderilleros and matador, with Fernando—lover of flowers and the placid life—the balustrade scene and the duel were rich in comedy. Helene Thompson's dances, Virginia Blabon's and Cecilia Azevedo's vocal solos, Elvira Ghiglieri's harp numbers, to say nothing of the orchestral renditions and the group singing, made a delightful variety of pattern, interwoven in the thread of the mock-heroics. Everyone seemed to have caught the color, the gaiety, the festal life of old Mexico.

On the eve of the Fiesta, Helene Thompson and Anne Smith were received as members of Sigma Delta Pi, national Spanish honor society. Dr. Arturo Torres-Ríoseco, professor of Spanish at the University of California, presided at the ceremony, assisted by Mrs. Preston Lee Bailhache, chairman of the Modern Language Department at Galileo High School, San Francisco. Professor Torres paid the Club a high

compliment in returning the next evening to see his god-children, Las Modernistas, present their Fiesta.

The German students, not to be outdone by the active groups of other languages, organized this year a club of their own. Since they did not begin until after Christmas, they were unable to produce any plays, but they enjoyed many evenings singing quaint old German "lieder" and were honored by a visit from Father Lynk, a priest born and ordained in Germany, who described many places of interest and gave an accurate idea of German thought on current events.

The Albertus Magnus Club has promoted the cause of science at delightful dinners which are the envy of the members of all the other clubs. This group has the distinction of including among its members more honor students than any other club on the campus.

The International Relations Club found much to discuss in the bi-monthly meetings this year, and from these discussions interest in international affairs spread among members and non-members alike. Several delegates attended a regional conference at Mills College in October given under the auspices of the Carnegie

Endowment for International Peace. Representatives from colleges of northern California and Nevada took part in discussions of world events. Previous to the conference a joint meeting was held on the campus with students from the University of San Francisco. The International Peace Conference will be held on our own campus next autumn.

Gamma Sigma, our honor society, flourishes. Under the able direction of Ellen Rehmet, a tea was given at Meadowlands in the fall and a dinner at Benincasa in the spring to honor the new members.

Plays began with a flourish this year. Mid-Victorian scenes costumed from Miss Brainerd's family stores delighted us on Shield Night and the Coventry Christmas Play, although slow-moving, was extremely beautiful. After Christmas Orchesis gave a dance program semi-dramatic in character. The year ended with the pageant *Aucassin and Nicolete* given on the stage of Forest Meadows in the Woodland theater, a revival of the 1930 version made by the College from Andrew Lang's translation of the twelfth century French poem and set to ultramodern music.

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